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personal satisfaction as right here in a filthy mud hole like Ribeau-court. Most of the boys here hadn't seen an American girl for five months as they never had a "Y" worker with them and they went perfectly wild the first day I came. To go to bed at night feeling that you have made a place like this more livable for hundreds of men that day more than pays for every effort you have made.

\* \* \*

Very sincerely,

SARA E. BUCK.

## THE PANIC AT WASHINGTON AFTER THE FIRING ON FORT SUMTER<sup>1</sup>

WASHINGTON April 18<sup>th</sup> 1861

MY DEAR WIFE & CHILDREN

It is among possibilities that this sheet may bear my last words to you. I have about one hour in [which] to write, and get my supper and meet an engagement with our Wisconsin friends now in Washington. The letter I mailed to you today I fear was couched in too much confidence. The slip which I here enclose, cut from this afternoons paper will give you something of an idea as to what is apprehended. About an hour ago Genl King met some of us and took 20 names of Wisconsin men who pledge themselves to stand ready for any emergency tonight. We shall be supplied with Carbine and Revolver. This slip does not convey the deep fears entertained. The City is in a very critical condition. Many believe that an attack will be made tonight, I greatly fear it and pray no such Calamity to befall us

The question is not whether this or that political party shall triumph but whether this govt shall be overthrown.

The precious liberties which [we] have enjoyed, guaranteed to us by the constitution of which we have so much bosted on is in peril. The flag of our country is to be stricken down More than this the most prosperous nation that ever existed—The best govt ever known

<sup>1</sup>This letter, copied from the original in the State Historical Library, was written by Andrew B. Jackson, a Wisconsin man who was in Washington at the time Fort Sumter fell, making arrangements concerning his appointment to the land office at Menasha. Jackson was an able man and had served as a member of Wisconsin's second constitutional convention of 1847-48.

is to be overthrown—overthrown at the cost of the blood and treasure of the Nation

A little distance from where I write hangs the Immortal declaration of Independence. Some of the signatures are almost obliterated; but that only adds to its veneration, and immortal value. Glorious instrument,—Glorious names attest thy truths, Glorious recollections press upon us while we reflect at what cost thy immortal principles [have] been maintained. Look at Bunker Hill, the base of that Monument is semented in blood. I might go over New England N. Y. N. J. and in fact the old thirteen states, whose soil has been saturated with the blood of our Fathers, whose watercourses have crimsoned from their veins. I might go to the graves of those who pledged their lives, fortunes, and sacred honors in defence of the liberty bequeathed to us, and while I say peace to their ashes, I would inquire in the name of my God and my country shall these principles [be] trampled in the dust? Shall we before the nation is a hundred years old, see it disgraced in the eyes of the world and destroyed? Forbid it Almighty God.

My Dear Wife I shall not be reckless, yet if necessary I believe [it] a duty I owe to God and the country to do what little I am able to prevent such a calamity

The bell calls me [to] supper I may have time this evening to add something.

Affectionate Your

Husband & Father

ANDREW B. JACKSON

8 O Cl evening Since writing the above about 100 troops came in on the cars from Penn. More are expected to night. We feel easier. If we get a good many troops into Washington the secessionists will hardly dare attack us. The excitement never has run so high as it does to night. Some families and a good many women left to day out of fear Judge Potter did not get away to day but thinks he shall in the morning We shall meet, but whether we shall stay up to night is not yet determined, there are about 1000 troops in the Capitol to night, those that came in went there to stay for the night.

Unless something new shall transpire I shall not write again till Saturday. God bless and protect us. It [is] a consolation for me to

say that my faith and abiding confidence in him was never greater  
than since I have been in Washington  
I am called away

A. B. J.

## RED TAPE AT WASHINGTON IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

The mind of the bureaucrat is as constant as the granite hills of New England, and the ways of red tape change not from generation unto generation. The letter which follows affords an interesting illustration of the workings of red tape in the days of our grandfathers. For the rest, it offers some comment on the problems before the second constitutional convention, of which Morgan L. Martin, recipient of the letter, was president. The writer, Philo White, was a man of consequence in his day, who played a prominent rôle in the upbuilding of early Wisconsin. White began and ended his career at Whitestown, New York. After a considerable career in New York, his health failing, he secured an appointment as naval storekeeper on the Pacific station. Several years later he established a paper at Raleigh, North Carolina, was soon elected state printer, and for a time was an active figure in state politics. Failing health caused another removal, this time to infant Wisconsin in the summer of 1836. Here White played an interesting part in the founding of the Milwaukee *Sentinel* and built the United States Hotel block, at the time the most imposing building in the city. Removing to Racine he became owner and editor of the *Advocate*, managed several farms, served in the territorial council of 1847 and 1848, and in the senate of the newly-admitted state. Both in his home community and at Madison his ability and leadership in public affairs gained full recognition. He left Wisconsin in 1849 to become consul general at the free cities of Hamburg, Lübeck, and Altona; later he served as minister to Ecuador for several years. On returning to the United States in 1858 he made his home at Whitestown, his native place.

HONBL. MORGAN L. MARTIN:

RACINE, 8th Jan'y, 1848.

DEAR SIR:

I really don't recollect whether I have had the honor of addressing you at Madison yet, for I have been so absorbed in other matters,—in correspondence with the Departments at Washington,